





chiefly from the New Testament and Psalms. He would not suffer any of his children to lament his loss, without a sense of the rich mercy which they enjoyed. On one of his granddaughters approaching him with loud cries, he checked her, and said, "See what a mercy the Lord has bestowed upon me! How thankful I am to you, and to how joyful I should obey the call of the Lord in my full old age, and how happy I shall be in heaven!"

## Christian Reflector.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1843.

### Provision for the Future.

Unprofitable servants will be condemned on their own principles; will be judged out of their own mouths, and by their own confessions. With reference to this life's affairs and issues, men act rationally; they prepare for the future; they lay in store for winter, and sickness, and old age. Who does not anticipate the wants, and guard against the dangers of to-morrow, as well as those of to-day? Is not this considered so right and reasonable indeed, that the man is blamed and condemned, who is not careful and provident of the future? Why then do men make no provision for happiness after the event of death? Why do not their plans embrace the eternal future? Why so much carelessness and concern for the days that shall precede death, and none for the duration that is to follow it? If the morrow should be added to this present life, you are prepared for it; but if it should prove to be the beginning of the other life, on which you are liable to enter, you have no provision made for it, otherwise applied. Why do you take such care of one class of your affairs, and leave another class at such loose ends?

We have certainly as much reason to be anxious, inquisitive and diligent for eternity, as for the time that separates us from it. Is eternity less certain than time to come? It is more certain. We are sure that we shall live forever, but not sure that we shall live to-morrow. Is eternity less important than time? It is infinitely more so. Our capacities will be made more greater than for happiness or misery; and to that, there can be no termination; while our present life, like the morning cloud, is passing away. How inconsistent then are those who make no preparations for another world! Knowing that they may die before to-morrow—yet solicitous about time—so indifferent to eternity! How will their own conduct—the principles on which they act, for this world, condemn them at the bar of God!

### The Living Church.

The claims of any one religious communion or establishment, to be the "The Church," and the only church, are as absurd, as they are arrogant and exclusive. There is, however, and there always has been, ever since the days of Abraham and Lot, that which may be called, by way of eminence and particular designation, the church. Its walls were not built by human hands, nor have its limits been circumscribed or extended in accordance with any external organizations. Those have belonged to it, in every age, who have loved and feared God, and worked righteousness; and dark as the world has been at times, this church has always lived, and in the best sense, flourished. She lives now. Truth is her bulwark, and faith her shield; and neither the treachery of professed friends nor the virulence of avowed enemies, can diminish her vitality, or check her spreading power.

How instructive, how full of promise, her history! In leaving her confinement to the Jewish nation, and becoming like the abode of the Gentile, and the Jew, she lost none of her strength, but on the other hand, her purity and power were greatly augmented by that important change. Though deserted by thousands of her professed friends, she was relieved by their apostasy from an incubus which had pressed her down with a mountain weight; and soon began her conquests under the new dispensation with a success equally encouraging and remarkable. The energies of a Paul, and his associate apostles were indeed employed for her, but God was in the midst of her, and this was the secret of the glorious victories which she achieved. But with all opposition did she strive! How the multitude cried against her doctrines and advocates! How kings, and courts, and armies combined to defeat her objects, and put an end to her success! Those who came out in her defence knew that, in all probability, their property would be confiscated and their lives demanded. But yet they came—one and another came—and rejoiced in being martyrs to the cause. They went forth as missionaries among the Gentile nations, and church after church was gathered to the praise and glory of his grace. Seventy years after Christ, Titus besieged Jerusalem. The signs predicted by our Saviour were seen in the heavens; and his awful prophecies relative to the destruction of the city were literally and completely fulfilled. But amid the demolition of her splendid temples—the overthrow of her walls, the confagration of her domes, and the massacre of her thousands, the church escaped unhurt. Christians were about the city and in it, but not a hair of their heads was touched. Although all, without distinction, were assailed by the exasperated Roman and his barbarian allies, and the shrieks of murdered millions were for several days incessantly breaking on the ear of heaven, and their blood rolling in streams over the pavements—still not a saint was injured. God preserved the church. When in later days, her eternal enemy induced his servants to cease their persecutions, and by professing her cause themselves, to make her the slave of their own selfish purposes—when the Roman hierarchy began its reign, and assumed to its abominable priesthood the exclusive rights of heaven—the power of absorbing sin, and otherwise perverting the divine law, still God had his chosen people—still the church existed in its purity. Although driven to the caves and dens of the earth, still she was alive, and "talked the speech and ate the food of heaven." She continued to live through all the middle ages. Her home was among the persecuted Waldenses, and the abused Albigenes, under the unparalleled enormities of Popish cruelty, and the horrors of a hellish Inquisition. What an evidence that the hand of God was in it, that in spite of all the efforts of Papal power—attended with such awful persecutions, for centuries, this vine, which God had planted on the earth,

still was so far from being killed. Though blasted to-day, it revived to-morrow—and even amid the continual visitings of the storm, this immortal germ of heavenly origin was seen to flourish.

So late as 1573, more than ten thousand Protestants were butchered in the city of Paris, and the massacre spread from the city throughout the whole kingdom, until, according to Thuanus, thirty thousand were destroyed—according to others, one hundred thousand! And then by a decree of His Holiness, the Pope, mass was celebrated in all the churches to thank God, that the heresy was extirpated!—Extirpated? Never. Protestantism is but a name, but this has spread itself over kingdoms and empires, since that celebration; a fact however, in which we rejoice only as the truth has accompanied it, and the vine of Christ's own planting, has flourished. The church which God owns, and has taken care of, is not necessarily identified with any of the incidental names or changes, of which we make so much account; as is not Papal or Protestant—Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Baptist; yet her identity is not lost,—her limits are not undefined. The world and the devil hate her. They have sometimes operated against her through organizations which have claimed to be themselves the church, but an unseen hand has held her—her arm, almighty arm has been her protection. She will live through her present trials. All earth and hell may devise and combine against her; the quantum may be run at her boom, and the flames be kindled around her, but she will live—she will triumph! Her life is hid with Christ in God. "God is in the midst of her: she shall not be moved."

### "A Tremendous Evil."

We observe that the English papers, in discussing the late movements in the Episcopal Church toward Romanism, and the subject of the Factories Bill and Education, recognize the very fact, which we have cited, and maintained to be the great source of formalism and infidelity in the Episcopal Church; and all, we believe, with high churchmen, regard it in the very same light. The London Patriot says, "That children should be taught what the Church Catechism teaches to believe, the doctrines of Baptismal Justification and Sacramental Sanctification, we regard as a tremendous evil—an evil to be struggled with by every legitimate means of counteracting pestilential error." It speaks of them as "principles, which have for their aim, to build up a spiritual despotism, the usurped power of a spurious and anti-protestant priesthood." Now if it be true that the more evangelical members of the Episcopal Church repudiate, as we doubt not they do, the idea of the regenerating influence of baptism, and if they see, what is so perfectly ostensible to all observers out of that communion, that the adherence of a portion of the Church to this doctrine has united themselves to a great and powerful body of spurious Christians, who have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof—why do they not come out and attack this giant evil? Why do they not apply the axe at the root of the tree? Why are they so earnestly contending, that the Episcopal Church is anti-Romanish, and that Puseyism is heresy? If the assertions of the Catechism, and of the articles of faith, which the Church acknowledges, are scriptural and eternal truths, it seems to us, that in discussing Puseyism, and the points involved in it, they are contending about mere names and forms, to no profit whatever. We would like to know, not the opposing views of writers in the Romish and Episcopal churches, but the points of difference between real, original Episcopacy and bone fide Popery. If both systems of faith fail to make salvation for baptism, or any other act of obedience or observance, without a change of heart and a living faith, they both involve what is indeed "a tremendous evil"—an evil not only destructive to the interests of the church, as a temporal organization, but one that ensnares and destroys immortal souls!

### The Priesthood of Christ.

It is difficult to speak or to write on a theme so illustrious as that of the priesthood of the Son of God. But as it is one in which sinners of the human race have a deep interest, and which they are invited reverently to contemplate, it may not be improper to present a few humble thoughts on the work and office of the High Priest of our profession. Some have fallen into the mistake of drawing too near a resemblance between the High Priest under the law, and Jesus, the High Priest under the gospel. Because Aaron was consecrated by being washed before the door of the tabernacle, it has been argued that Christ was consecrated to his office when baptized by John. Had this been the fact, our Lord would have informed John of it. It should be remembered that he did not enter upon his office in consequence of any relation to the priests under the law, all of whom were of the tribe of Levi. He was of the tribe of Judah, of which tribe Moses spoke nothing concerning priesthood. We have an account of his consecration by the Father, in the 11th Psalm, in these words: "The Lord hath sworn and he will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec." Had our Lord been consecrated after the manner of the Levitical priesthood, he would have been a priest under the law. But his consecration under the gospel formed a new dispensation. Hence Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews, there being a change in the priesthood, there is made of necessity a change also in the law. Jesus by the sacrifice of himself on the cross made an end of sin-offerings. Those who reject him as their atoning reconciliation to God, deprive themselves of the salvation of the gospel; for there is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved. By the signs wrought at his crucifixion, the Father gave testimony of his acceptance of the all-sufficient offering. A preternatural darkness overpread the land, there was a great earthquake, and many bodies of the saints arose which slept in the earth, and coming into Jerusalem appeared unto many. On the third day a further attestation was given by his rising from the dead and his appearance in the flesh to many of his disciples. As the High Priest and Lord of the new dispensation he assembled many of his disciples on an appointed mountain, giving them this commission: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth; go ye, therefore, into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and

he that believeth not shall be damned." He then ascended to heaven in the view of five hundred brethren, a cloud of angels receiving him out of their sight.

As our High Priest in heaven, he is now seated at the right hand of the Father, and the proclamation is made to a guilty world that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Of this ability to save he gave the most indubitable evidence by pouring out the Holy Spirit on his disciples on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand converts became the willing subjects of his grace. Millions, who have since believed and proved the efficacy of his atoning blood, have ascended to his Father and his Father, and are now before the throne singing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb: "Great and marvellous are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy!" They do not forget that they were once sinners, but their voice of praise is, "Unto him who loved us and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory for ever."

With the joy of faith, believers may now contemplate their High Priest as exalted on the throne of glory, far above all heavens; when he had himself purged our sins, he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, having obtained eternal redemption for all who believe in him. He ever lives to accomplish all the purposes of his grace. It is in consequence of what he has done, and is still doing, that the preaching of the gospel is rendered efficacious in the salvation of sinners. By his Holy Spirit he leads them to discern their guilt and ruin, and reveals to them the way of safety through faith in him. By the same Spirit he sanctifies the various providences which occur in the life of the saints, and forms their hearts in holy unity to himself, by that love which is the bond of perfection. If the glory of his gospel is hidden, it is hid to those who are lost. The veil is upon their hearts, and will continue to hide from them the beauty of Christ and his salvation, till they believe and embrace the gospel. Will not sinners ingeniously ask themselves, what is there in Christ that should be offered in him? What is in his kind invitations, that we should continue to despise and reject them?

Friends of truth and holiness, do you realize your obligations to Christ, your glorious High Priest, for the interest which he sustains in your behalf in the court of heaven? Is it your inquiry, what shall I render to him for his unpayable grace? Hear his reply: "If ye love me, keep my commandments. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. So shall ye be my disciples." Hear the definition of your Advocate on high given by an inspired apostle: "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one in all points tempted like as we are. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need," and thus be qualified to show forth his most worthy praise.

### Social Frankness.

What are our pleasures, unless we have friends to share them with us? What is life without society—without familiar greetings and pleasant interviews—without the communion of kindred spirits, and the sympathies of joy and sorrow which the countenance and words of one may kindle in the bosom of another?

"And say, without our hopes, without our fears, Without the home that plighted love endears— Without the smiles from partial beauty we are— O, what were man—*and world without a man!*"

Why then do we not make more of our social nature? Why are we so distrustful of each other's confidence—such strangers to each other's hearts? Instead of taking it for granted that our neighbor is an honest and friendly soul, until he proves himself otherwise, we regard him as at least a suspicious character, until he proves himself honest. The great aim of almost every one is, to hide himself—to pass off and be recognized in society—as a worthy and honorable person indeed—but for quite another than his real self. There is a want of frankness, of mutual confidence, cordiality and freedom—the constant exercise and exhibition of which would gleam sunshine into many a dark and cheerless bosom, and change many a countenance from sombre to gay—from morose to lovely. The cold distance, studied secretiveness, and careful non-committalism, which characterize us, to so great an extent, and the artificial restraints, with which we render our inward selves impervious to the eyes of those, by whom we ought to be known, trusted and loved, are the great source of selfishness, prejudice, and disunion among those who profess attachment to the same faith, and are heirs together of the same promises. If Christians knew each other—if they would open their hearts to mutual inspection—how differently—how much more charitably, we believe—would they regard each other. Individual peculiarities would be better understood, and in a thousand instances, the reasons of conduct, that otherwise is inexplicable, would be seen, and those who are now blamed and feared would be excused or forgiven.

Frankness, too, is noble. It bespeaks ingenuousness. The man who indulges in it, freely—who needs not, and seeks not, carefully to cloak from the world, his history, his plans, his views and feelings—is incapable of a mean action, for he can do nothing which he must conceal, either to save his reputation or to accomplish his end. It is the thief who skulks; it is the knave who conceals; it is the designing and treacherous man, not the frank and noble-hearted, who fears that his plans will be known; that what he is doing, or what he purposes to do, will be discovered. The honest, the virtuous and good—what have they to conceal? They are concerned in nothing that must be plotted in secret, or affected by stratagem.

We repeat it, why should men be slaves to mutual fear?—mutual suspicion? Why do we rob social life of its greatest charm?—friendship of its sweetness—human nature of its glory? Why do we bow to that "false necessity, with which," (as Mrs. Child says, in her admirable Letters from New York) "we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the pressure of public opinion; the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotism influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their noblest feelings, conceal their

highest thoughts. Each longs for full communion with other souls, but dares not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinderers? The fear of what Mr. Smith or Mr. Clark, will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique;—the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. O, thou foolish soul! Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wise for both to snap the imaginary bonds, and walk onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank to him."

"Be noble! and the nobles that live In other men, sleeping but never dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

### Legalized Injustice.

May a citizen of the Free States lawfully help a poor traveler on his way, when his course is northward? Who would think of answering No? And yet this is a question which the Courts of Ohio, in conformity to an act of Congress, have decided in the negative. A citizen of that State was by God's providence introduced to a father and mother, who with their little ones and an aged parent were fleeing from a State, in which the names of wife and husband, parent and child, are unmeaning sounds—and his heart was moved to pity. Obeying the first and highest impulses of his generous nature, he conveyed them a few miles, in his wagon, on their journey. For this act, verdicts amounting to seventeen hundred dollars have been obtained against him. For this act, he is stripped of his farm, and his wife and children turned out homeless—unless these decisions can be reversed. Of course there is an appeal to a higher tribunal. The case is to be brought before the Supreme Court of the United States.—i. e. if any persons are found generous enough to meet the expenses of so much litigation.—Does not this bring the question of common justice and humanity home to the American people? Who says now, that the North has nothing to do with slavery? The Executive Committee of the Ohio A. S. Society have taken account of this case, and we cannot but respond to their language. They say:—"The questions involved in these cases affect every man. They are no less than these—shall kidnappers be licensed by law? Shall humanity be punished as a crime? Shall the law which licenses kidnapping and punishes humanity be sustained as constitutional? Jones and Vanzandt [the parties in this particular case] sink out of view, when these questions arise. The controversy is no longer personal or local. It becomes one of universal interest. The good and evil principles of our institutions now struggle for the mastery. The question is between the spirit of Liberty and the spirit of Despotism."

Who does not see that it is impossible to suppress agitation on the subject of slavery? The evil outrages itself on every hand. The power that separates families—thus cruelly sundering the holiest ties, and violating one of the first laws of Heaven—the families of the North must feel, as well as those that are enslaved in the South. We are none of us free. We are restrained from acting the part of the good Samaritan—restrained by a Christian government! Shall we be indifferent to such aggressions of the slave power? Shall we be content to see the rights of freedom thus ruthlessly assailed; our children growing up under a government thus administered; our Constitution prostituted to the support of the worst despotism that curses the earth?

### "Teaching the Young Idea."

How it is done in England. We find in one of our English papers, a statement, that in some of the metropolitan parishes it is usual for the children of the National school, when they are about to quit it, to appear before the committee, and receive a Bible and prayer-book, with a little good advice. On a late occasion, the ecclesiastical head of the parish, undertook the office of administrator, after the following fashion:—"Well, boy, remember the school you are now leaving is a Church school—that you have been educated in Church principles—and therefore, of right you belong to the Church. Show your gratitude for the benefits you have received by never forsaking the Church. Above all things, have nothing to do with schismatics, by which term I mean all sorts of Dissenters! Some of the most liberal contributors to the funds of this very school happen to be Dissenters—a fact of which the preacher of charity was reminded by one of the committee, who pointedly expressed his disgust at the conduct of his spiritual head. The reverend gentleman waxed wroth, and justified what he had said by declaring it was a part of the duty to which he was appointed by God to instil the right principles into the minds of the young."

### Tones in the Pulpit.

We would say to every preacher, (if in giving advice to ministers we shall not be assuming too much)—Speak in the most natural manner. Let both your words and tones be in perfect accordance with your vernacular tongue, and such as you would employ, addressing a man, seriously and earnestly, out of the pulpit. We notice in the Literary Messenger, published at Buffalo, N. Y., a pointed criticism on a certain sort of pulpit oratory, which, in our estimation, is well deserved. That we have many good speakers in the pulpit, is admitted; but, says the editor, "it is a lamentable fact that many, too many of our gifted countrymen pay the most servile deference to the pronunciation, manner and style of European declaimers. To such an extent is this slavish obsequiousness carried, that we frequently have to witness labored efforts of American speakers, to produce the sound of the tongue, which is termed the *brogue of Europeans*." He justly deems this a *depravity of taste*, and adds—"We are frequently pained and grieved, if not disgusted, to hear one of our clergymen, when he gets an accented syllable or an emphasized word into his mouth, in which the letter r occupies a position to suit him, and he r-r-r-r-rs at his hearers as an urchin hurls his club at the boughs of a fruit tree."

We hope those who have felt that their style of speaking would be improved by this barbarous affectation, will be induced by this notice to consider, before they train their vocal organs more to such unprofitable service. All unnatural tones—rolling, trilling, whining, screaming, every thing that is not in keeping with the utmost simplicity of character and aim, should be eschewed by the preacher, as something which will essentially diminish, if not entirely counteract, his ministerial influence.

### Visits and Sights in London.

[We give some further extracts from the "Notes by the Way" of our correspondent in England.]

Sunday, June 4. This forenoon we heard a sermon from Rev. Mr. Binney, pastor of one of the independent churches in London. He has the reputation of being quite a talented, or as the people here say, a very clever man. I was, on the whole, pleased with his sermon. It was the season of communion, and the discourse was designed to be appropriate to the occasion. The subject was brotherly love, which seems to be at the present time, quite a favorite topic with the brethren in England. The sermon was well studied, but entirely extemporaneous in language; a practice which I understand prevails generally here among all the dissenting ministers. Mr. Binney's delivery is animated and impressive. He has a good voice, and I am surprised that he does not use it more in preaching. But instead of speaking out in his own natural tones, he speaks on a high and sharp key, in what I believe the singers call a *falsetto* voice. His gesticulation, too, seemed cramped and unnatural. But evidently he thought of neither gestures, voice nor language. His mind was intent upon his subject, and to that he fastened the attention of the people, while after all is the true art of pulpit oratory.

In the afternoon we walked two miles or more to attend the communion service at Dr. Cox's chapel. He has a small meeting-house, though a very respectable looking congregation. After meeting, we took tea with the Dr.'s family. He was as usual free and pleasant in conversation, but I thought it strange that he made so few inquiries after men and things in America. He is absorbed, like many other ministers here, in the controversies that are perpetually springing up between the dissenters and the established church, and has but little time or inclination, perhaps, to look abroad. This evening we went to hear the Rev. Mr. Sherman, pastor of the church, meeting in Surrey Chapel, where the celebrated and humorous Rowland Hill formerly officiated. The sermon was addressed to the unconverted, and breathed a most excellent spirit.

Monday, June 5. To-day we visited the famous picture gallery, and what is very remarkable in London, were admitted gratuitously. But really, we have seen few things in London more worthy of being paid for. Here are the works of the old masters. The Scripture pieces of Benjamin West were very prominent, and I was proud to observe, that he made so few inquiries after men and things in America. He is absorbed, like many other ministers here, in the controversies that are perpetually springing up between the dissenters and the established church, and has but little time or inclination, perhaps, to look abroad. This evening we went to hear the Rev. Mr. Sherman, pastor of the church, meeting in Surrey Chapel, where the celebrated and humorous Rowland Hill formerly officiated. The sermon was addressed to the unconverted, and breathed a most excellent spirit.

At the opening of the anniversary meeting on Wednesday morning, the Rev. Mr. Robinson was chosen moderator, and the Rev. Mr. Jones clerk. The prayer and the song of praise, with which the exercises commenced, were deeply solemn and affecting. The house was crowded to overflowing—many stood outside unable to gain admission. Aged fathers and mothers were there, who seemed to feel something like the patriarch Simeon, when he held the "Wonderful" child in his arms—the hope and glory of Israel. The introductory sermon was preached by the moderator. It was just such a sermon as I love to hear, for it had Christ in the text, Christ in the exordium, Christ in the argument, and Christ in the application. And what was better than all, Christ was in the midst. In the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Joy preached a solemn discourse, from Acts 10:38. "Who went about doing good." In the evening many of the preachers "went every where preaching the word," and eternity alone will unfold the result of these blood-bought privileges. I am unable to write more at present, and can only add, the kindness manifested by the friends of Christ in London will long be remembered with gratitude, by your friend in Christ, A.

### Sailor's Home in New York.

The Sailor's Home, in Cherry Street, New York, is, from all accounts, one of the best conducted establishments of the kind in the country. It is kept by a pious man—a member of a Baptist church, and conducted with as much order and propriety as the best hotels. Two hundred and fifty well-behaved and fine looking seamen are frequently seated at its richly loaded tables; and all the influences brought to bear on this interesting class are favorable to their happiness, health, and intellectual and moral elevation. It is exceedingly gratifying to observe the successful results of the efforts which have been made on behalf of sailors. Formerly, when on shore, they were almost without exception miserable and degraded drunkards, and when they sailed again penniless and friendless.

"Homes," with the Bethel flags, and the freely scattered tracts and Bibles, are giving an entirely new aspect to their condition and characters. The good work, however, is but commenced. The whole class should be brought under these redeeming and refining influences.

A notice of the "Home" referred to above lately appeared in the New York Express, which contained the gratifying statement, that mariners are daily becoming more and more attached to homes where they are sure of being protected and cared for. After encountering the dangers of the sea, they have more than other men of being guarded from making shipwreck among "the breakers on shore."

We are pleased to learn from the same article, that the number of deposits in the Savings Bank during the last year from this establishment alone, is very large. His money, when he wishes it, is received from the sailor just paid off, by the Cashier, for whose acts the house is accountable, and put in safety at interest until called for, and prevented from "burning a hole" in the owners pocket. It is thus secured in one way at least, from the thousand temptations which half an hour's walk along the streets might expose him to, and on his departure for a long and dangerous voyage, has means for providing himself with many comforts, which he sees the great land again, he will truly need. At this establishment, likewise, as it is a public institution, conducted by benevolent and responsible trustees, he has a home where he deposits all his valuable articles, which he may not need till his return, and in case of accident to him, self, may direct them to be finally disposed of

to his family or friends in any other part of the country. Sailor's wills are sometimes found in the store room of this valuable institution, among their effects after they have been lost at sea, and placed in proper hands.

Their baggage is kept for them free of expense, and they are certain that in a building constantly insured with its contents, which has cost the society who holds it over \$40,000, it can always be found. This in the instance of the death or change of residence of a private individual, might not uniformly be the case. The sailor therefore here, truly has "a home," to this place he may at any time write, and give directions which may reach his family and friends.

None who read these statements will feel that the money, which has been given for the seamen's cause, has been thrown away. What a changed world will this be, when Christian benevolence shall have completed her noble purposes and plans. So happy is the human race, fitted and destined to become, when the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, are received and practically applied.

### Blood.

[By Rev. W. E. Tappan.]

A voice from East, "afflicted—  
Part drinks the crimson flood!  
'Tis from a human blood!  
It is a brother's blood!  
A voice that calls for vengeance!  
"Revenge, O God, the slain,  
And pour thy hatred out  
Upon the murderer, Cain."  
A voice of blood, whose Nature  
Hath veiled her earth and skies—  
Where, nailed between the vilest,  
For man, the holiest, dies.  
What saith it?—most sadly,  
In Mercy's music, "Father,  
It cries, "Forgive them, Father,  
They know not what they do!"

[From our Correspondent.]

### Saco River Association.

DEAR BR. GRAVES,—I have just returned from East Lenington, Me., where the Saco River Baptist Association held its second anniversary, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 6th and 7th inst. The church in this place is under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. SEATY. This aged and faithful servant of Christ has been preaching the glorious gospel to his beloved people more than thirty years. His very countenance seems by its expression to say, that he is heaven-bound and heaven-bound. He possesses a logical mind, and few can equal him to him in discussion, without the forcible conviction that "wisdom dwells with prudence" in all his words. In the ministerial conference, held at the pastor's house, the Tuesday previous to the meeting of the Association, a resolution came before the brethren of a somewhat novel character. It was on the subject of political action, or of dealing with church members, when they are found guilty of voting for bad men of their own party, in preference to good men of the opposite. The chairman, Rev. Mr. JONES, pastor of the Kennebec church, made some very appropriate remarks, against bringing political strife into the church, and his views the ministers present were generally ready to endorse. Father Seaty said that he was not a constant voter, but he felt it to be his duty to put a vote, at the presidential election three years ago. My two deacons, said he, voted against me. Now suppose our church had taken this matter in hand, what would have been the result? Either the deacons or the pastor must have been excluded. For the deacons thought my candidate a bad man, and I thought no better of theirs.

Public worship was held on Tuesday evening, and a sermon preached by Dr. Gon-salves.

At the opening of the anniversary meeting on Wednesday morning, the Rev. Mr. Robinson was chosen moderator, and the Rev. Mr. Jones clerk. The prayer and the song of praise, with which the exercises commenced, were deeply solemn and affecting. The house was crowded to overflowing—many stood outside unable to gain admission. Aged fathers and mothers were there, who seemed to feel something like the patriarch Simeon, when he held the "Wonderful" child in his arms—the hope and glory of Israel.

The introductory sermon was preached by the moderator. It was just such a sermon as I love to hear, for it had Christ in the text, Christ in the exordium, Christ in the argument, and Christ in the application. And what was better than all, Christ was in the midst. In the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Joy preached a solemn discourse, from Acts 10:38. "Who went about doing good." In the evening many of the preachers "went every where preaching the word," and eternity alone will unfold the result of these blood-bought privileges. I am unable to write more at present, and can only add, the kindness manifested by the friends of Christ in Lenington will long be remembered with gratitude, by your friend in Christ, A.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.—It is stated in the Pittsburg Eagle, that the colored citizens of Berkshire county, held a temperance convention in that town on the fourth inst. The convention was fully attended, between five and six hundred colored persons being present. The proceedings of the meeting were able and dignified, and a series of resolutions was passed, declaring the use of intoxicating liquors as debasing and immoral, and considering it the duty of every philanthropist and Christian to use every means in his power to suppress the evil and misery caused by their use. Able addresses were made by different gentlemen.

THE CONVENTION AT BUFFALO.—We gave a notice of this important meeting of the friends of humanity and equal rights, in our last number, but omitted to mention, that by an unanimous vote, the Convention nominated JAMES B. BIRNEY for President, and THOMAS MORRIS for Vice President. A spirited and interesting notice of the Convention, from the Western Literary Messenger, will be found on the first page of this day's paper. Its interest is rather increased by the fact, that it does not appear to have been indited by a partisan pen.

BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN MISSOURI.—It is stated in the St. Louis New Era, that it has been resolved, at a meeting of a Baptist conference in Boone county to establish a Baptist Theological Seminary in Columbia, the seat of the State University. Dr. Wm. Jewell, of that town, and generously proffered to contribute \$10,000 to carry out the object of the resolution.

### Revival and Organization of a Church.

I wrote some time since for publication, an account of the Lord's doings in Shirleyburg, but from some cause, suppose the letter did not reach you. Bro. A. K. Bell commenced a protracted meeting there on the 25th of July last. This meeting being conducted day and night and night and day for two weeks. The results were most glorious. Some sixty and more souls professed hope in our blessed Lord and Master.

The first Sabbath in last month will long be remembered by hundreds who listened in the morning to a discourse from Bro. B. on Christian Baptism. The half of the congregation were not able to find room within doors, yet patiently hearkened to the words of life from without. We then repaired to the water side, where there appeared the largest concourse of people, it is said, ever assembled in Shirleyburg. In the presence of the multitude 23 candidates were in a most solemn and impressive manner buried with Christ in baptism. On Monday following 6 were baptized, and on Tuesday 3 more, who, together with 4 others baptized in bygone days, were, according to their own request, on Wednesday, the 8th of August, 1843, constituted into a church, to be known as the regular Baptist Church of Christ in Shirleyburg.—Introductory exercises by Bro. R. Proudfoot. Sermon by Bro. D. Williams from 1 Tim. 3: 15. Prayer by Bro. Wm. M. Jones. Right Hand of Fellowship by Bro. A. K. Bell. Charge by Bro. W. B. Bingham. After which we enjoyed a precious season at the Lord's table in remembrance of Him who once died on the cross, that through him we might have life.

A lot has been purchased, and a subscription entered upon of some 600 or 800 dollars, for the purpose of building a meeting house as early next season as possible.

On the following day after the constitution, 3 more were baptized. Preaching was continued over the second Sabbath, by Bro. Bingham. Let Zion pray for this new interest—and may Almighty God prosper the Baptist cause in Pennsylvania this year an hundred fold. By order of the Council,

WM. M. JONES, Clerk.

Huntington, Pa. Sept. 1, 1843.

### Church Constituted.

An ecclesiastical council has been held this day, to recognize a new Baptist church in this place. Sixty-seven brethren and sisters constituted this new branch of Zion, nineteen of whom have recently been baptized. Bro. S. Everett, of Lovett, preached an interesting discourse from Eph. 5: 25, 27, on the occasion. The brethren in this place have commenced under favorable prospects, and thus far the Lord has blessed their efforts. Bro. E. M. Burnham, formerly of Hinsdale, N. H., has been laboring with them since last winter, and has become their pastor. The people are well united in him, and he appears to have given his heart to labor for Christ in their midst. May the Lord bless them, and make him wise to win souls to Christ.

ERASTUS ANDREWS, Clerk.

Warwick, September 1, 1843.

### The Order of Odd Fellows, No. 2.

Its claimed origin fictitious—its real origin disputable.

The Editor of the Weekly Bee, himself an O. F., quotes the following:

"ODD FELLOWS.—This order, says the Louisville Dime, claims to be of great antiquity. An English paper says, that it was first established by 106 Roman soldiers at the camp during the Reign of Nero, in the year 65. At that time they were called *Fratres Civitatis*. The name was given by Titus Caesar, in the year 79, from the singular and not to be forgotten for their fidelity to him and their country, he named them the *Order of Odd Fellows*, but at the same time as a place of friendship, presented them with a dispensation, engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different symbols, such as the sun, moon, stars, the lamb, the lion, the singularity of emblem of mortality. The first account of the order being spread in other countries, is in the fifth century, when it was established in the Spanish dominions, and in the sixth century by King Henry in Portugal, and in the twelfth century it was established in France—and afterwards, by De Neville, in England, attended by five knights from France, who formed a *Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor* in London



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the fifth or "Scarlet degree," when the third

was admitted to the compact. (The

second and fourth, degrees of the "Cove-

nant" and of "Remembrance," in the Order

in which they are now administered in the lodges,

are admitted to be of quite recent origin.)

On these several claims to the origin

and antiquity of the Order, I remark, first, that

the statement of the Hon. and of the Rev. Odd

Fellow of Ct. are at direct issue. The one

claims that the Order with its name, originated

under the auspices of Nero and Titus Caesar,

while the other affirms that no one doubts the

modern origin of its name, but insists that the

thing was more ancient even than the Caesars,

at least he thinks he finds "something like it"

in the Egyptian and Elouian Mysteries, and

that it might have had a being in the inexplica-

blable Cabiri of Asia. Sure it is, that one or the

other of these statements must be untrue; and

the conviction forces itself upon us, that neither

of the writers really regarded them as true, but

they were flourishing a mere pretence for the

occasion. Whatever mysterious or associations

existed among the Egyptians or Romans, or

of them can refer to one particle of evi-

dence that they have any connection with

the I. O. O. F. more than they have with the

Life Insurance Company of Boston.

Again, it will be perceived that both are

directly contradicted by the lectures of the Order

itself. The lecture in the first or "white de-

gree" claiming its origin in the days of Adam,

while the lecture in the Encampment claims its

origin, not under the auspices of the Roman

government, but among the enemies of that

government, and for the purpose of its subver-

sion.

But again, both they and the lectures are

confronted by the pretensions by the structure

of the thing itself. Its scenic representations,

as well as its lectures, are almost entirely made

up with references to Bible incidents and quo-

tations from Scripture, with which the dark

and barbarian nations, to which they ascribe its

origin, were unacquainted.

Now that all these pompous, unauthenticated,

indefinite and contradictory claims for the

antiquity and origin of the Order, are fictitious,

can any man in his senses, doubt? Farther, if

it had an origin which its devotees were fully

apprised, or were not ashamed, would not the

history of that origin be given, and given too in

a clear and consistent manner? Should a

stranger come among us, and pretend that he

could not tell where he came from, or when

interrogated, should give vague and contradic-

tory answers, he would at once be marked as

an impostor, who was ashamed or afraid to own

his origin or history. So with this Institution.

Its vague and contradictory pretences concern-

ing its history and its origin, make us suspect it

an imposture; and these unfavourable marks of

impure it contents to wear, simply because its

real history and origin are disreputable. This

desperate effort to hide its origin in the dark

of heathenism and antiquity, is to avoid the

confession that its real parentage is to be

found in a bachelian "club" in London. Its

real history may be given in a few words.

About seventy years ago, the club of Odd Fel-

lows was formed in London; and until the for-

mation of the "Manchester Union" (the ostensi-

ble fraternity of the present Order) none but

rogues of high blood were admitted to its pri-

viliges. At Manchester these restrictions were

broken down, and all classes were henceforth

admitted to wear the honorable title of Odd

Fellows, which hitherto had been monopolized

by persons of noble birth. Hence too the title

of Independent Order of Odd Fellows, &c., in-

dependent of the old order, with its restrictions.

Until within a few years past, the title of the

Order has been the cognomen of drinking clubs,

both in England and America. That it has

recently undergone a reformation in this respect

is readily admitted. But then it should tell its

experience honestly, like other reformed me-

members. It should remember that lying is no

less a vice than intemperance.

That the above is a true statement of the

ordinally assented to, believing it might be for

God's glory and the best interest of the church.

The afternoon was spent in devotional exercises

and all seemed to feel it was good to be there.

The moderator closed the exercises by some

appropriate remarks and prayer. Prayer meet-

ings were held every morning at Summer, which

were well attended, at each of which it seemed

the good Spirit was in our midst. The next

session is appointed to be held with the first

Baptist Church in Providence. Rev. Joseph

Smith to preach the introductory sermon. At

the wharf, while waiting for the steamerboat, that

precious hymn of Dr. Baldwin was sung, accom-

panying with,

"From whence does this union arise"

Thus closed one of the most interesting ses-

sions of the venerable association. E. K. F.

The Editor's Table.

THE WIFE OF LEON, AND OTHER POEMS: By

Two Sisters of the West. New York: D. Ap-

pleton & Co. Boston: Little & Brown. 1843.

Original and anonymous poetry is so rarely

at this day, worth the time that a busy man

must sacrifice to read it, that "The Wife of

Leon" might have laid on our table for weeks

unnoticed, had not a friend of excellent literary

taste, (Mr. Rev. J. O. C.) assured us of its merits

and urged us to its perusal. So when evening

came, and we were quietly seated in "the para-

dise of home," the new volume, with the "cream

colored binding and daintily lettered page,"

was taken in hand. Soon we found ourself

reading aloud, and with a "rapt auditory."

"O'er these, in which, though true, I prize

Above the apothecary of thousands."

The reading of one piece only awakened our

curiosity to know the style and contents of

another. True, we adjudged some of the pieces

to possess but ordinary merit, and yet little did

we find that we shall not be pleased to read

again. We have made up our mind to say that

it is the best volume of new or original poetry

that has been published within the last ten years.

It possesses no definite object—it is directly in-

tended for no moral effect. It seems to be the

free play of a strong imagination, and of the

deeper and finer feelings of the heart, subject

ever to an innate sense of propriety and love of

the truth. We learn that the authors are the

Misses Ware, of Kentucky, and that they have

on hand material for two or three more such

volumes. We are pleased at this, and hope

those volumes will be forthcoming. One of the

most exquisite pieces here, is "The Stormy

Peat." The writer describes "three lone wander-

ers on the ocean's breast," in three eloquent

stanzas, and then says—*rather*:

The mariner's tale is told,  
The sailor's song is sung;  
In the stormy night, the sea is wild,  
And the wind is strong.

And then, in the midst of the storm, the

poet describes the "stormy peat," and the

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often they appear, the more are they prized,

admitted and loved? Of the book before us, we

need only say, that it is handsomely printed in



## Poetry.

For the Christian Reflector.

## Lines to Miss A. L. B.

What though our pilgrimage below  
Lies through a lowly vale,  
And though our pathway rough  
And strewn with many a fall,  
What though to us no dew  
Earth's glitter and its gold;  
The truth that feeds the soul,  
And tempers the ungodly soul!

What though the silver voice of fame,  
So sweet to mortal ears,  
Shall echo not our deathless name,  
Through centuries coming years;  
Yet we joy more sweet and pure  
Than fame or gold can give;  
A heavenly joy, that shall endure  
While God himself shall live!

And flowers of love and friendship fair,  
Along our pathway bloom,  
(Celestial plants, that blossom rare  
On this side of the tomb)  
To in beautify our vale,  
These choice exotics thrive;  
And rooted deep in virtue's soil,  
The storms of life will drive.

O sweeter far affection's rose,  
That unobscured flower,  
Than e'er the gayest thing that grows  
In virtue's thirled bower,  
Thou shalt charm affliction's gloomiest hour,  
And light life's darkest scene;  
It knows no chill from winter's power,  
Its leaves are always green.

EARL BARNES, N. Y.

## The Family Circle.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we will."

"Don't be discouraged, my young friend!" said an elderly gentleman to his companion, whose youthful appearance indicated that few more than twenty years had passed over his head.

"But I am discouraged, Mr. Linton. Haven't I been sadly disappointed in everything I have undertaken? Success is a word, the meaning of which I shall never realize."

"You are young, Henry,"

"Quite old enough to have proved, beyond a doubt, that, try as I will, I never shall rise in the world. I am doomed to struggle on, like a swimmer against a strong current. Instead of advancing at all, I shall gradually be borne down the stream."

"If you cease to struggle, you will, unquestionably, sink."

"And will, whether I struggle or not."

"No; that cannot be. Be vigorous, and long-continued effort will gradually strengthen and mature your thoughts. Rough contact with the world, in which you are made to suffer keenly, will bring out the latent energies of your mind. Bear on manfully for a few years—falter not though every thing looks dark, and success will as certainly crown your efforts, as an effect follows its producing cause."

"I wish I could think so," the young man replied, shaking his head despondingly. "But I am fully convinced, that for me, at least, the door of success is closed."

"How old are you, Henry?"

"Just twenty-seven."

"And you have already failed in three business efforts?"

"Yes, and what is worse, have become involved in debt."

"But you mean to pay all you owe, if it is ever in your power?"

"Can you doubt that for a moment, Mr. Linton?" the young man said in a quick tone, while a flush passed over his face. "I will pay it all, if I die in the struggle."

"And yet you were just now talking of giving up in despair?"

"True. And I do feel utterly discouraged. For the last five years no man has labored more earnestly than I have. Early and late, have I been at my business, sometimes even till midnight, and yet all has been in vain. Like a man in a quagmire—every struggle to extricate myself from difficulties, has only had the effect to sink me deeper. And now, with honest intentions towards all men, I am regarded by many, as little better than a swindler."

"You are wrong, in regard to that, Henry. Such is not the estimation in which you are held."

"Yes, but it is. I have been told to my teeth that I am not an honest man."

"By whom?"

"By at least one of my creditors."

"That is the solitary case of a man whose inordinate love of self, showing itself in a love of money, has made him forget the first principles of the law of human kindness."

"No matter what prompted the unkind remark, its effect is none the less painful, especially as he fully believed what he said."

"You cannot tell, Henry, whether he fully believed it or not. But suppose that his words did but express his real thoughts?—what then? Does his opinion of you make you different from what you really are?"

"Of course not. But it is very painful to have such things said."

"No doubt of it. But conscious integrity of purpose should be sufficient to sustain any man."

"It might in my case, if I were not so thoroughly crushed down. My mind is like an inflamed body—the lightest touch is felt far more sensibly than would be a heavy blow if all were healthy. You understand me?"

"Perfectly, and can feel for you. But knowing that the state of mind in which you are, as you intimate, an unpleasant one, I cannot agree with you in your discouraging conclusions."

"But what can I do? Have I not failed in three earnest and well directed efforts to advance myself in the world?"

"Try again, Henry."

"And come out worse than before."

"No—no—that need not follow. Try in a better way."

"Do you mean to intimate that I have not conducted my business in a proper manner?" asked the young man, in a quick voice, his cheek instantly glowing.

"I do not mean to intimate," returned Mr. Linton, calmly, "that you committed any wilful wrong in your business. And yet, I suppose you yourself will not deny the position, that there was something wrong about it, or success would have met your earnest efforts, instead of failure."

"I don't know," was the gloomy response. "The facts, I believe, are against me."

"What do you mean by the facts?"

"The young man made no reply, and

his monitor resumed in a still more serious tone—

"You can only mean, of course, that divine Being who is the author of our existence, and the controller of our destinies. That Being who is essential love and wisdom, and whose acts towards us can only flow from a pure regard for the good of his creatures. And if such regard be directed by wisdom that cannot err, can any act of his towards you be evil?"

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower."

"I try to think that way—and try often, returned the young man in a softened tone. "But it is hard, very hard to believe that a Being of infinite goodness would so hedge up the path of any one as mine has been hedged up—would so mock the heart of any one as mine has been mocked."

"Your mind is not now in a state to think calmly and rationally upon this subject, Henry," Mr. Linton said; "but the time will come when you will see in this state of severe trial a dispensation of divine mercy. It will then be perceived, that all this was for the purpose of giving you juster views of life and confirming you in higher ends than any you have heretofore acted upon. For the present I will only repeat—Don't be discouraged. Try again. Put your shoulder once more to the wheel. Depend upon my word, time will come; not until you can bear success in a right spirit. And to have success before you are thus prepared to bear it, would be the worst injury that could befall you."

Henry Grant, the young man here introduced to the reader's notice, had, at the age of twenty-one, done the very imprudent thing of entering into business for himself. True, from the age of seventeen, he had been in the store of a merchant, who carried on a very extensive trade, and had, moreover, acquired so thorough a knowledge of business, that the most important subordinate position had been assigned to him. But all this confidence reposed in him, and this familiarity with the business in which he was engaged, deceived him. He saw that heavy profits were accruing every year; that while he was toiling on through the long months of an annual cycle for a single thousand dollars, tens of thousands were added to the coffers of his already wealthy employer.

"Why should I waste the best years of my life in making money for others?" he asked himself, the day after he had attained his majority.

This thought was the germ of discontent in his mind. It was nourished, and grew into a tree, whose thick leaves overshadowed his mind, that he could not see the clear sky of sober truth above, in which shone stars whose light beamed forth to guide him. He became eager for wealth, that he might have selfish enjoyments. Every beautiful dwelling, the reward of, perhaps, years of steady industry, and now enjoyed by some opulent merchant, he envied its possessor. He sighed when a rich man's carriage rolled by him in the street. Nothing rare, or new, or elegant, gratified his eye, because it was not his own.

A few months later, a selfish desire to be suddenly rich, a few years after he had come to the age of manhood, he drew from the hands of his guardian five thousand dollars, the hard-earned and carefully husbanded treasure left him by his father, and threw himself with large ideas and unwavering confidence upon the troubled sea of merchandise. The story of this adventure is soon told.

In two years he was compelled to wind up his business, having lost his entire capital.

"This was a painful blow. But it was given to him, in unsealing his eyes, and giving him a truer view of life, and sober ideas from which to act. Still, he could not think, having come into business for himself, of falling back into the noxious, dull, and humble condition of a clerk. There was something in the idea of mingling with merchants on a plane of equality, that flattered his vanity. He had thus mingled, and thus felt flattered. The thought of taking his old position, and of losing the courtesies that had been so grateful to him, was more than he could think of enduring. This feeling alone, had none other operated in his mind, would have induced him again to make an effort to get on his feet.

A few months enabled him so to arrange his old affairs, as to be ready to go on again. He found numbers ready to sell him goods on short credit, and this determined him once more to cast himself upon the ocean. He did so. Two years passed on, and at their termination he found himself, alas! again in a narrow place. Much more than all his profits in that time was locked up in bad debts, remnants, and unsold goods. For a time, by borrowing from a few friends, he had been enabled to meet his payments, but that resource at last failed, and trouble came again upon him. But it was a worse trouble than before, and shocked his proud, sensitive feeling severely. His goods and accounts, after all had been given up, were not sufficient to pay the claims against him. He was therefore an insolvent debtor.

As fiery castles fade away under the magician's touch, so faded away at this event, the glowing ideas of wealth and splendor that had passed so temptingly before the eyes of Henry Grant. He did not now ask for his tens of thousands—his country-seats, glittering equipages, and all the splendid paraphernalia attendant upon high station in society, united with immense wealth. To have possessed the few thousands of dollars that were exhibited as deficient in his accounts, would have compassed his dearest wishes. But even this humble and honorable desire was not granted. He was in debt, and what was worse, with a sense of helplessness and hopelessness.

In due course of time, his business was settled up, and he again threw himself upon the world. While debating in his mind the propriety of accepting an offer from his old employer, and entering his store as a clerk, propositions were made to him from an individual to accept a share in his business. He did so without consultation with any friend. The result was unfavorable. Scarcely a year had elapsed before crash went the whole concern about his ears.

It was under the disheartening effects of this last disaster, that we have seen him spring. How far he had just come to suppose, the facts were against him, the reader will be likely to determine more wisely than he was able to do himself.

"Don't be discouraged, Henry!" said his old employer to him a few days after the conversation between the young man and Mr. Linton. "You are young yet, and I was thirty-four when I commenced my present business, and you are but twenty-seven years of age."

"But I am in debt."

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars. Or, if I am to be held liable for my late partner's obligations, some twenty or thirty thousand. But I believe those claims will not come against me. When I entered into partnership, I happened to be wise enough to have a clause inserted in the agreement protecting me from all prior obligations of my new associate in business."

"And well it is for you that you did so. Five thousand dollars, then, is all that you owe. For your comfort, I will tell you, that, at your age, from imprudences similar to your own, I was ten thousand dollars in debt."

"And remained so for seven years?"

"Yes, and for more than that. It was ten years before I was able to wipe off old scores."

"O dear, I should die if I thought it would be ten years before I could write myself free from debt."

"It is not so easy a matter to die as you might think," the merchant replied smilingly.

"But, what am I to do?" asked Grant, in real distress of mind.

"Do? Why, there are many ways to do. All that is wanted is patience and resolution—not mere excitement—you have had enough of that. You felt, six years ago, as if you had the world in a sling. I saw it all, and knew where it would end."

"Why did you not tell me so?"

"Because you would not have believed me. And, besides, 'thought wit is the best.' No experience like man's own! A few years of disappointment and trouble will do more for you, than all the advice of a merchant, who has seen and suffered the same."

"And pretty well I treaded I have been, verily! But to come back to the one question ever uppermost in my mind. What am I to do?"

"There is one thing you can do, Henry," replied the merchant, "and that is to come into my store and receive a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year."

"My heart thanks you for your kind offer," replied the young man earnestly. "But, to do so, would be to enter on a mere selfish regard to my own interests."

"How so?"

"The salary of a clerk will yield simply a support; it cannot pay off my debts."

"You wish, then, to go again into business?"

"I must do something to relieve myself from debt."

"I do not see, as things now are, that going into business will accomplish the very desirable object. So far, business has tended to involve you deeper and deeper."

"I know that, and it is because I am so terribly disheartened."

"Then come into my store and devote yourself to my business. It will yield you a living. By that time something may open before you. It is time enough to depend upon it, for you to enter the arena of strife as a merchant. The position is one requiring a cooler head and more experience than you are yet possessed of. I have long since been satisfied, from extensive observation, that, as a general rule, nine men out of ten fail when enter into business as merchants, under thirty years of age."

At last, but with some reluctance, Henry Grant fell back into his old place as clerk, where he remained for four years. During that period, early painful experience formed in his mind a true flame of thought. He was enabled to see how and where he had been in error, and how wrong ends had led him into imprudent acts. He could not, at times, help smiling as a recollection of former states came up, in which he seemed to him that he had let his hand and gather in wealth to any extent. Then he was eloquent on principles of architectural taste, and could descend wisely upon rural beauties, enhanced by liberal art. No where could he find a mansion either in the city or country, that fully came up to his ideas of what a rich man's dwelling should be. But a spirit far more subdued had now come over him. He could go up into high regions of his mind, and there in existence principles whose pure delights flowed not from the mere gratification of selfish and sensual pleasures. He was made deeply conscious that even with all the wealth, and all the external things which wealth could give, for the gratification of the senses, and for the pampering of selfishness and pride, he could not be happy. That happiness, by borrowing from a few friends, he had been enabled to meet his payments, but that resource at last failed, and trouble came again upon him. But it was a worse trouble than before, and shocked his proud, sensitive feeling severely. His goods and accounts, after all had been given up, were not sufficient to pay the claims against him. He was therefore an insolvent debtor.

As fiery castles fade away under the magician's touch, so faded away at this event, the glowing ideas of wealth and splendor that had passed so temptingly before the eyes of Henry Grant. He did not now ask for his tens of thousands—his country-seats, glittering equipages, and all the splendid paraphernalia attendant upon high station in society, united with immense wealth. To have possessed the few thousands of dollars that were exhibited as deficient in his accounts, would have compassed his dearest wishes. But even this humble and honorable desire was not granted. He was in debt, and what was worse, with a sense of helplessness and hopelessness.

In due course of time, his business was settled up, and he again threw himself upon the world. While debating in his mind the propriety of accepting an offer from his old employer, and entering his store as a clerk, propositions were made to him from an individual to accept a share in his business. He did so without consultation with any friend. The result was unfavorable. Scarcely a year had elapsed before crash went the whole concern about his ears.

It was under the disheartening effects of this last disaster, that we have seen him spring. How far he had just come to suppose, the facts were against him, the reader will be likely to determine more wisely than he was able to do himself.

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BY MRS. T. S. ARTHUR.

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Crying and sobbing bitterly,  
Home to his loving mother ran.

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"Mother, I have a colored skin."

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